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A New Entertainment

THE REAL AMERICAN GIRL

By

EMA L. HUNTING

CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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By MAURICE HAGEMAN

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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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AN ENTERTAINMENT

By

EMA L. HUNTING

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CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



PS 635
79 H9467

CAST OF CHARACTERS

UNCLE SAM	THE IRISH GIRL
THE MESSENGER BOY	THE SCOTCH GIRL
THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY	THE ITALIAN GIRL
THE INDIAN GIRL	THE RUSSIAN GIRL
THE PURITAN GIRL	THE GERMAN GIRL
THE COLONIAL GIRL	THE SCANDINAVIAN GIRL
THE GIRL OF 1830	THE DUTCH GIRL
THE CIVIL WAR GIRL	THE CHINESE GIRL
THE FILIPINO GIRL	THE WESTERN GIRL
THE HAWAIIAN GIRL	THE COLLEGE GIRL
THE PORTO RICAN GIRL	THE ATHLETIC GIRL
THE ALASKAN GIRL	THE ORDINARY GIRL
THE DARKEY GIRL	

\$0.50

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COSTUMES

In each case, the name of the character suggests the costume. It is suggested that care be chosen in assigning the parts so that as far as may be, the girl chosen will in herself represent the nationality or type she plays.

UNCLE SAM. Straggling white whiskers, a tall white hat, red and white striped trousers with straps that fasten beneath the arch of the boots, a blue "spike tailed" coat and a blue waistcoat embellished with white stars.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY. A loose white gown caught with a girdle of stars, or a sash in the national colors. A coronet of gold paper stars is on her head, and from her shoulders may hang a national flag draped to form a graceful robe.

MESSENGER BOY. A buttoned-up dark blue suit and messenger boy's cap.

INDIAN GIRL. A plain waist and short skirt of brown sateen with fringes of the same; leggins and moccasins; a bright striped blanket about the shoulders. The hair should be worn in two straight braids hanging over the shoulders, bound around the temples with a strip of dark cloth from which, in the back, two turkey feathers stand erect.

PURITAN GIRL. A plain gown of grey sateen, low shoes with buckles, a white apron, cap and kerchief. The kerchief may be fastened in front with three tiny bows of black ribbon.

COLONIAL GIRL. A gown of flowered chintz or silkline made with a full skirt with panniers, and a pointed, tight fitting bodice. A lace fichu may be worn, the hair powdered and dressed in a high pompadour with one large curl touching the left shoulder.

GIRL OF 1830. A very full flounced skirt, a tightly fitted waist with flounced sleeves and lace about the low pointed neck. The hair is worn in ringlets about the face which is further framed by the flare of a flower-trimmed straw bonnet from whose crown hangs a long veil. Mitts are worn, and a very large fan and bottle of smelling salts may be carried. The illustrations in many editions of Dickens' books would be of great help in planning this costume.

CIVIL WAR GIRL. Hoop skirts, full ruffled dress skirt, a pretty poke bonnet, plain waist with lace at the throat.

THE FILIPINO, HAWAIIAN AND PORTO RICAN GIRLS. These three enter together and may dress alike, in peaked Mexican hats—the straw outing hats will do nicely—full white waists with long flowing sleeves, and dark skirts.

ALASKAN GIRL. A suit of white canton flannel, made with the nap out and trimmed with bands of white cotton batting may be worn. The suit should completely cover the figure, and be provided with a hood which fits closely about the face.

DARKEY GIRL. A cotton dress of any brilliant color, with a vivid turban on the head.

IRISH GIRL. A dark green skirt, with a border of gold shamrocks, may be worn with a black bodice laced over a white blouse.

SCOTCH GIRL. A white blouse, short kilted skirt of plaid, the hair hanging loose and a Highland bonnet with a feather. From the left shoulder a length of the plaid may hang to the hem of the skirt.

ITALIAN GIRL. A scarlet skirt over which a fine white apron is worn. A green bodice and white blouse, the hair covered with a scarlet shawl.

RUSSIAN GIRL. A bright blue skirt, a white blouse with a beaded bolero jacket of black velvet. The hair hangs in two braids, and a flat white head dress hangs to the waist in the back.

GERMAN GIRL. Two long braids of fair hair hanging from beneath a fine lace cap; an embroidered bodice, with blue skirt and white apron.

SCANDINAVIAN GIRL. Similar to the German costume.

DUTCH GIRL. Dark full skirt and low bodice over a white blouse. A little fringed shawl should be drawn tightly across the shoulders. A white head dress, fitting the head closely but with wide "wings" on either side behind the ears, conceals the hair except in front where a bit of the smooth, flat parting is shown. Wooden shoes may be worn.

CHINESE GIRL. A flowered crepe kimona, wide sash with huge butterfly bow in the back, ornaments in the hair, little oriental slippers without heels and a tiny paper fan.

WESTERN GIRL. Corduroy skirt, khaki blouse, sombrero hat, gauntlets, high tan shoes with spurs, a riding whip.

COLLEGE GIRL. A white dress worn under an academic gown and mortar board. She carries a note book and fountain pen.

ATHLETIC GIRL. White sweater and white wool skirt, a jaunty cap. She carries a basket ball.

THE ORDINARY GIRL. Any pretty, dainty costume suggested by the name—up to date, but not extreme. Probably a simple light gown and wide brimmed hat.

THE REAL AMERICAN GIRL

SCENE—*A large, plain room representing UNCLE SAM'S office, with large American flag draped on wall at the back center; door R. and opposite, a raised platform on which are two large chairs or a settee, half facing front.*

UNCLE SAM *is discovered seated in one of the chairs on the raised platform, with a pile of magazines and papers beside him, looking them through with a perplexed and wondering air.*

GODDESS OF LIBERTY. [*Entering.*] You sent for me, Uncle Sam?

U. S. [*Looking up from his reading.*] Oh, yes—yes, I wanted to see you. [*He goes to meet her.*] It's very kind of you to come, Goddess. Won't you be seated? [*He leads her to the platform, seating himself beside her.*]

GODDESS. Thank you, I will be seated, Uncle Sam. You don't know how tired I get standing there on my pedestal and holding up that everlasting torch! The wind and weather are trying to my complexion, too—I feel myself getting old and wrinkled.

U. S. Nonsense, Goddess! Why, you are a little older than I, and yet you look years younger. It must be because you lead such an out-of-door life. And besides, just look at the clothes I have to dress in! I'm mighty tired of this suit, I can tell you, but they won't let me have a different one.

GODDESS. They?

U. S. The newspaper cartoonists. But never mind our own troubles; our time is short and I asked you to come to help me clear up a problem that puzzles me

very much. The fact is, Goddess, I wanted to ask you—Who is the Real American Girl?

GODDESS. The Real American Girl?

U. S. Yes. [*He picks up the magazines.*] These are full of conflicting reports concerning the American girl. For instance: [*He reads.*] “The American girl is the queen among the girls of the world.” Or this—“Is the American girl properly educated? Most decidedly not. She is ignorant, selfish and ill-bred.” Or this—“The flower of American civilization is its girlhood.” Or—“It is deplorable that the American girl cannot find a husband on this side of the Atlantic, but in her weak vanity must search among the worn-out nobility of Europe for a titled bankrupt to whom her father’s American money will compensate for her own lack of caste.” And here—“We hear much about the lovely senioritas of Spain, the famed beauties of Vienna, the grace of the women of Paris; but for charm and winsome sweetness the American girl heads the list.” Now, how can any man make head or tail of such contradictions? Everything I pick up is full either of praise or criticism of the American girl, so that the only way out of it seems to be to find the real American girl and judge for oneself. So, Goddess, since you live in New York and see so many of them, and because you are so thoroughly American yourself, I asked you to come and answer the question for me—Who is the Real American Girl?

GODDESS. Really, Unele Sam, I don’t know. The Real American Girl? As you say, there are so very many both in number and in types—why not ask some of them to come here and then we can make up our minds.

U. S. Excellent, Goddess—the very thing! It takes a woman’s wit to work these things out. I shall summon them immediately. [*He touches a bell. The OFFICE BOY appears.*] I am in search of the Real American Girl. I want you to notify the girls immediately, and ask all who think they have a claim to that title to appear before me at once. You understand?

Boy. All right, boss.

U. S. No loafing, boy!

Boy. No, sir. [*He goes.*]

GODDESS. How lovely to have the postal service and all those things at your command, Uncle. I never have a soul, even to relieve me of my torch. It ties me down dreadfully.

U. S. Oh, yes, yes—I have plenty of people working for me, too many in fact for my peace of mind. I'm sure I treat them well, but they are always in a squabble of some sort. But, ah! for once that boy is spry. [*Boy puts his head in at the door.*] Well, boy, who have you there?

Boy. You want to look out, boss. She seems to be the real article, as if she just stepped down from a cigar store sign. Says she's the Indian Girl.

GODDESS. The Indian Girl? Bless me, Uncle Sam, I never thought of her.

U. S. Neither did I, Goddess. But bring her in and let her speak for herself.

[*The Boy opens the door and the INDIAN GIRL enters warily. She stands straight and still before the two on the platform, saying nothing.*]

U. S. Well, well—aren't you going to bow to the lady—the Goddess of Liberty?

INDIAN GIRL. She brought no liberty to my people. For many moons before her torch lit up the great waters, my fathers had lived in freedom. The land was ours, the mountains and rivers and lakes; the great prairies were our hunting grounds. Then, O Mightiest of the Palefaces, your people came upon our shores unasked; your warriors fought with the red man, and killed and scattered and took his hunting grounds. The land belongs to you; but you are men from another country; your maidens are fair of skin; the Indian maid is the Real American Girl!

U. S. Really, Goddess, there is something in that, you know!

GODDESS. But think how well we treat you now—give you lands and schools—

U. S. [*Uncasily, as the INDIAN GIRL is about to speak.*] Perhaps we had better not go into that, Goddess—no. You see, the Senate recently investigated and—well, you understand. Just step aside, my dear—I think I hear someone else coming.

BOY. [*Putting in his head.*] There's another one here, boss—sort of bashful. Shall I bring her in?

U. S. Certainly, certainly—bring her in. [*The PURITAN GIRL enters shyly.*] A Puritan maiden! “Modest and simple and sweet!”

GODDESS. Tell us, my dear—are you the Real American Girl?

PURITAN GIRL. Not for myself do I speak, fair Goddess and head of our nation. Not to boast nor to claim a title that all must feel noble. Worthy, no doubt, are the maids of today, and modest and winning, skilled in much beyond our spinning and cooking. Yet this may I say, fair Goddess, for the Puritan maids of New England: Brave were they and true, and loved the land of their choosing; never sighed at their lot, nor feared the foes that beset them; modest and simple and sweet? Perhaps—but more, patriotic; first of American girls to love and work for their country.

U. S. [*Coming down to shake her by the hand.*] You speak the truth, little Puritan maid, the very truth. It's very possible that we have found the one we wish, Goddess.

GODDESS. Possibly, Uncle Sam. But the messenger is returning.

[*The PURITAN GIRL takes her place beside the INDIAN GIRL, and UNCLE SAM resumes his seat as the OFFICE BOY enters.*]

BOY. Say—there's one out here now that beats 'em all—looks like a valentine.

U. S. Well, well—bring her in. We want to see them all. [*With a low bow the boy ushers in the COLONIAL GIRL. She drops a deep curtsy.*] Bless me, Goddess—who have we here?

GODDESS. Don't you remember? She is the Colonial Girl. Perhaps she died before you were old enough to notice her much, but I was born during the Revolution, you know, and I remember her very well.

U. S. To be sure—of course. And are YOU the Real American Girl?

COLONIAL GIRL. [*With another imposing courtesy.*] I protest, sir, doubting it is passing strange. Have you forgot that for one notable fight with the Britishers I melted my second best shoe buckles into bullets for our soldiers? Aye, and made a bonny flag from Grandaunt's silken petticoats? It is not seemly for a maiden to seem to boast, but i' faith, it's been told me too often for further doubting, that more than one toast was pledged me after the Redcoats were driven out of Trenton, and that thoughts of me served in place of food during the long winter at Valley Forge! And one night in Philadelphia town—my heart is like to burst yet at the thought—the great Washington bowed, and smiled at me while I made my courtesy before him—to the earth, sir, like this!—and the French Lafayette, most polished of courtiers, led me through the minuet and said as he left me—"Your dancing is as admirable as your patriotism, Mistress!" Truly, no maid could be more American than that!

U. S. 'Pon my word, Goddess, this is growing serious! How is one ever to decide among so many charming and logical claimants?

GODDESS. Don't try until all have been seen. Let each present her claim and then step back and give place to the next.

[*The COLONIAL GIRL courtsies once more and takes her place beside the PURITAN GIRL, as the BOY looks in. He is laughing.*]

BOY. Say, of all the queer ones you're having today! There's a prize here now—you ought to see her!

U. S. [*Sternly.*] Boy, how often have I told you not to make remarks about my visitors? A good many

queer looking people come to call on Uncle Sam, but they are all welcome. Bring the lady in.

BOY. [*Unsquelched.*] All right, boss—just as you say. But this one is the limit, I tell you that. [*He opens the door with a flourish, and the GIRL OF 1830 enters. She is languid, affected, sentimental and overdressed in the absurdities of the fashions of her time. The BOY remains to grin at her.*]

GIRL OF 1830. La, Uncle Sam, why do you keep such vulgar creatures around? Go away, boy—you give me the vapors! [*BOY vanishes in high glee.*] It is so shocking to one's sensibilities, Uncle, to go about among the common people without an escort. As Cousin Mehitable used often to say to me—Cousin Mehitable Perkins, she that was a Bradford—one of our oldest families, you know—her mother was my step-aunt's own second cousin—as she often said to me when I was a child—"No lady, Angelina, my love, ever allows the stare of the vulgar to disturb her composure"—but, alas! I have not her strength of mind. In fact, I'm a very silly little thing, quite a child, though I could do my sums very neatly at the finishing school, and my painting on satin was very much admired. And Cousin Mehitable always said to me—"In a woman, Angelina, love, breeding takes the place of brains."

U. S. This is very interesting, young lady, but may I ask what it has to do with your being the Real American Girl?

GIRL OF 1830. La, sir, I protest it is plain enough. Surely you would not choose one of the bold, mannish, vulgar creatures who call themselves American girls today? They go about like men, and are afraid of nothing—not even, sir, of a mouse, which no well-bred woman will face without screaming! Many of them never worked a sampler in their lives nor made hair flowers; and they take no care of their complexions, sir, while their hands are sometimes tanned—most vulgar! As for their looks—they are healthy as serving maids, and their collars would just serve me for a

belt. And I have heard that some of them, even from the best families, though it seems impossible, EARN THEIR OWN LIVING!

U. S. Hum!

GODDESS. Yes, it's true, Uncle Sam—times have changed since I was young—though Heaven knows I'm tanned enough and work for my living, too!

U. S. Well, well—we will consider you with the others, young lady.

[*The GIRL OF 1830 takes her place disdainfully with the other girls as BOY looks in.*]

BOY. Got a lot of room left?

U. S. Room? What for?

BOY. Well, you'll need it for the next one.

[*He ushers in the CIVIL WAR GIRL. She wears wide hoop skirts and a poke bonnet, but her costume is plain.*]

U. S. [*Jumping up to meet her.*] Come in, come in—I know who you are. Bless me, I should think I ought to! You helped me out of the worst hole I was ever in. Goddess, you remember the Civil War Girl?

GODDESS. Indeed I do, and am delighted to see you again.

CIVIL WAR GIRL. It is kind of you both to greet me so cordially when I must recall a most anxious and saddening time to your minds. But you are in search of the Real American Girl. Uncle Sam, in '61, the real American Girl said goodbye to her sweetheart and sent him bravely off to fight for the nation; for four long years, both North and South, she took the place of brothers and fathers in her home and fought with poverty and sorrow and loneliness! She gave all—more than she could spare, to her country; and often the end of the war brought no help, no returning loved ones, but only the aching memory of a happiness she might never know again! The Real American Girl is the girl who has given all to her country and yet loves its flag with all her saddened heart.

U. S. AND GODDESS. Bravo—bravo!

PURITAN GIRL. But I, too, gave up all I loved—home, friends, comfort, safety even, and with nothing but courage and faith for my aid, dared the perils of sea and wilderness!

COLONIAL GIRL. Men were killed by Britishers as well as rebels!

U. S. Well, well—now really, young ladies—God—d—d, positively, I almost regret summoning them here—it's harrowing to a man's feelings.

[*The girls continue to discuss the question at the back of the stage. The Boy enters in a state of petrified astonishment.*]

BOY. Well, I'll be blowed!

U. S. No, you'll be fired if you don't look sharp. What's the matter now?

BOY. Matter? Say, boss, it was bad enough to have 'em come one at a time, but when they take to coming by threes—

U. S. By threes?

BOY. Sure, And all I got to say is, I ain't never worked for nobody that had no such queer birds as these coming to see him.

[*He departs, and the girls from Hawaii, the Philippines and Porto Rico enter. They form a prim little line, holding each other's hands, and bow. Everybody stares, aghast.*]

GIRL OF 1830. La, Uncle Sam, they look like heathens!

U. S. Lord bless my soul, young ladies! You seem familiar, but I can't place you. You must really tell us, you know, who you are.

[*The three bow once more, turn slightly to the audience, and sing. The tune is the verse and the first movement of the refrain of the Heidelberg Stein Song from "The Prince of Pilsen."*]

Far o'er the foam from our island home
Our greeting we bring to you!
The country of flowers and sunny hours,
Where skies are smiling and blue.

But the burdensome chain of the tyrant, Spain,
 Had fettered our hands like slaves,
 Till the land of the free brought sweet liberty
 To the countries across the wide waves.
 Here's to the land that made us free,
 Here's to the hoys in blue,
 Here's to the ships that crossed the sea,
 Here's to the sailors true!
 Here's to the flag we all adore,
 All other flags above!
 Long may it wave from shore to shore!
 Here's to the land we love!

[*All applaud enthusiastically, crying "Bravo!" and*
 UNCLE SAM *goes down to greet them.*]

U. S. Bless my stars and stripes, I'm glad you came!
 But I declare I don't know yet—let me see—[*To the*
first.—you are from—?

PHILIPPINO GIRL. The Philippines.

U. S. Of course! And you?

HAWAIIAN GIRL. From Hawaii.

U. S. Dear me, yes! And you?

PORTO RICAN GIRL. From Porto Rico.

PHILIPPINO GIRL. But we are all Americans now,
 you know!

U. S. Bless your hearts, of course you are! Take
 your places with the others. [*As they do so, he goes*
back to his seat, mopping his brow.] Goddess, this is
 positively too much. I give it up. When it comes to
 South Sea Islanders and—and—it's too much!

GIRL OF 1830. Uncle Sam! As a lady, I must object
 to being classed with these—newcomers. Cousin Mehit-
 able always said, "Angelina, never converse with a per-
 son of whose grandfather you are not sure!"

[*A commotion is heard outside, in the midst of which*
the door flies open.]

BOY. [*Outside, angrily.*] Well, go in then!

ALASKAN GIRL. [*Runs in and calls back through*

the doorway.] Of course I'll go in—I belong there as much as anybody!

U. S. An Esquimau—from Alaska, of course!

ALASKAN GIRL. Don't I belong here, Uncle Sam? I'm an American girl. I look different from some of the others, but that's because of the climate. Inside I'm as American as anybody. My country is filled with ice and snow, but our love for the stars and stripes is as warm as anybody's—especially since that brave flag flies where no other flag has ever been—on the very tip-top of the world—the North Pole itself!

U. S. Belong here? Of course you do. I paid a cool seven million dollars so that you should belong. [*Aside to GODDESS.*] Though I don't think, really, you know, that we need consider her seriously.

BOY. [*Enters.*] Say, boss, now we're going to have some fun! Look who's here! [*He flings the door open and discloses the DARKEY GIRL. She smiles broadly and drops a courtesy in the doorway.*]

DARKEY GIRL. Howdy, Uncle Sam! Howdy, Goddess! Foh de lan' sakes! Look at all dese gals already heah. 'Pears like Ah never gits nowhare on time. But, sho when Ah heard Unele Sam was lookin' for the Real 'Merican Girl, Ah just come right along. Real 'Merican? Well, whar'd you-all find any lady more 'Merican than I is? Why, the whole country fought theirselves most to pieces over the black folks—yes, sah. And more than that—who are all your songs writ about—huh? “Swanny Ribber” an’ “Ole Kentucky Home” an’ all the rest of 'em? Oh, I tell you, Unele Sam, ef there's a real 'Merican on dis heah earth, it's de colohed ladies an' gemmen! You-all like to heah a song Ah writ about dat?—some other gemmen writ the toon, but Ah made up the words out-a my own haid—yes, sah! [*She sings. The tune is the chorus of “That's the Way to Spell Chicken.”*]

“M”—dat's de way to begin,

And-a “E”—dat's de next letter in;

“R”—for dat am de third,
And “I”—dat’s de next in de word;
“C”—dat’s to fill it in,
“A”—I’se nearin’ de en’,
M-E-R-I-C-A-N! Dat’s de way to spell ’Merican!

[In the midst of the applause and laughter, the Boy enters. He is once more disdainful.]

BOY. I didn’t mind while you stuck to American girls, boss; but if I have to open this door to every sort of girl on earth, I’ll strike for higher wages—that’s flat. This ain’t no Ellis Island.

[He holds the door open while the IRISH, SCOTCH, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, GERMAN, SCANDINAVIAN, DUTCH and CHINESE GIRLS enter, one after another. Forming a curving line across the stage, they courtesy or bow, the CHINESE GIRL sinking to the floor in a deep salaam. UNCLE SAM rises nervously to address them.]

U. S. My dear young ladies, I am charmed—I—I may say overwhelmed, at the honor of your visit; but I fear—the fact is, I am in search of the Real American Girl, and I fear a mistake has been made—

IRISH GIRL. A mishtake, is it? Shure, thin, it’s yoursilf would be afther makin’ it—savin’ your prisinee. It’s Rale American you’re lookin’ for? Thin I’m tellin’ ye, ye’ll niver foind it onless ye foind it here. Whist now! I’m from Old Ireland mesilf, and there’s no place loike it—that’s why I left—and all these lassies are from ither countries. But d’ye mind, all of ’em came here on purpose to be Americans. I’m sayin’ nothing against the natives, yer honor—*[She sweeps the other characters with a contemptuous look and gesture.]*—but I’d be afther askin’ ye this, by yer leave—which gets the more credit, the lass that is American because she was bor-r-n here and can’t help it, or the lass that came here because she wanted to be an American?

U. S. You know, Goddess, that looks reasonable, too.

GODDESS. But, my good girl, is that why all of these others have come to America—to become Americans?

IRISH GIRL. Far be it from me to be decavin' ye, mum—though to be sure you better ax 'em. Some talks English, some don't.

U. S. Come, that's fair, Goddess. We'll try it and begin with the bonny Scotch lassie. How is it—are you really an American girl?

SCOTCH GIRL. Aye.

U. S. And you, little Italy?

ITALIAN GIRL. Si, Senor.

U. S. You too?

RUSSIAN GIRL. Yess, master.

U. S. And you, little German fraulein?

GERMAN GIRL. Ja, mein herr.

U. S. And the Seandinavian? You are American?

SCANDINAVIAN GIRL. I tank so.

U. S. And you?—but don't talk Dutch; I can't understand it. [*The DUTCH GIRL nods and courtesies.*] But see here—I thought we told you Chinese not to come?

CHINESE GIRL. Me 'Meliean gel. Come allee time from my miserable, insignificant land to your honorable country.

U. S. But, young ladies, I don't understand. You each love your own country, do you not? [*All give a decided affirmative as before.*] Then how can you love America and why do you come here?

GODDESS. Yes, tell us that. From my high place in the harbor I see the great ships bringing these people by thousands and thousands, and I wonder, up there all alone, what brings them.

RUSSIAN GIRL. You bring us, lady! A gleam of your torch flashed into the blackness of our life in faraway Russia. We followed the gleam—we are here—we are here. We work still, but we are free!

GODDESS. For freedom, then—you come for that, all of you?

[*All answer in affirmative except the IRISH GIRL, ITALIAN and DUTCH.*]

ITALIAN GIRL. Senora, we starve. My fadder he come, he sell-a da fruit, he sing, he play, he send-a da mon. Senora, we are here!

IRISH GIRL. Faith, the pig died and the praties failed, by the will of the blessed saints.

DUTCH GIRL. Mein young man, he eoom. Undt ven he sendt for me—I eoom.

SCOTCH GIRL. But ye ken, we would na go back. We've been no lang ower the sea, but our hearts are bound sair tenderly to your bonny flag and you'll find no mair true Americans among your ain.

U. S. I believe you, every one. You are Americans in heart if not in blood. Am I right? [*They agree as before and step back as the BOY opens the door.*]

BOY. The real article's coming now, Boss, and she can have me any old time.

[*He steps aside, as the WESTERN GIRL, in corduroys, sombrero and gauntlets enters with a swagger.*]

WESTERN GIRL. Howdy, pard! [UNCLE SAM, somewhat astonished, goes forward to take her outstretched hand.] Looking for the real thing, are you? Well, I reckon that's me, all right. Say, you weren't thinking of those doll babies, were you? [*Indicating the other girls.*] Why, what you want is a girl who can do things—get out and hustle, bridle a horse and ride like a man, shoot straight, too, if she has to, or cook a meal for a lot of hungry ranchers. Those girls are all right in their way—sure they are—but land, you can find thousands just like 'em all over the world, and you'll never find anybody like me outside America. Isn't that right, Goddess?

GODDESS. I'm sure I never saw anyone like you!

WESTERN GIRL. Is that right? Well, say, you chuck that old toreh some time—I don't see why you don't use an are light, anyhow—and come out west into God's country, and I'll show you lots of folks like me. You belong out there, anyhow.

U. S. I'm glad there are lots of people like you. The country needs them.

[*She takes her place with the others as the BOY looks in.*]

BOY. Say, boss—what are you starting here—a Young Ladies' Seminary? 'Cause if you are, just count me out! [*The COLLEGE GIRL enters, in cap and gown, carrying a notebook.*]

U. S. Ah! The Sweet Girl Graduate! I am honored, Madame! And do you think that you are the person we are in search of—the Real American Girl?

COLLEGE GIRL. I am not prepared at once, sir, to answer your question. In a problem of so much importance, involving such tremendous and far-reaching results, great care must be exercised to avoid the common error of untrained minds—namely, to arrive at a definite conclusion. I have here a large amount of data on the subject prepared by eminent authorities, taken from treatises on Euthemics, on Sociology, on Anthropology, on Psychology, on—

WESTERN GIRL. Aw, cut it!

COLLEGE GIRL. I BEG your pardon?

WESTERN GIRL. I say cut out the trimmings and get down to the real business of college life—what Sorority did you make and how did the Michigan-Chicago game come out?

COLLEGE GIRL. [*Going to her eagerly.*] Six to nothing—wasn't it awful? And what are you? I'm a Hi Fly.

WESTERN GIRL. Oh, are you? I'm a Let-er-Fly.

BOY. [*Entering, much excited.*] I take that all back, boss! You don't catch me leaving while this one is around. And, say, between you and me and the Goddess, she's the winner all right—

U. S. That will do, boy.

BOY. Just's you say, boss, but she gets the blue ribbon from me! [*He ushers in the ATHLETIC GIRL.*]

ATHLETIC GIRL. Hello, good people. Awfully glad to see you. How are you, Uncle? You don't look very

fit, Goddess. Why don't you come down off that pedestall once in awhile and take a little exercise? Just what you need. Here, boy—catch! [*She throws the ball to him, and he catches it reverently, and stands hugging it and grinning with delight.*] So you are looking for the Real American Girl, Uncle Sam? I cut a match game on purpose to come and show her to you.

U. S. You mean—yourself?

ATHLETIC GIRL. Why not? There's nothing but good, clean American bone and muscle in me—look at that arm!—and no foolishness, either. A girl like me is just like the country—straight from the shoulder, never-say-die, up-and-at-'em, a good comrade to the last ditch, as clean and strong as our big prairies. Why, if the Goddess there should ever take a notion to retire into private life, I could climb right up on her perch and hold that torch as steady as a star! Couldn't I, girls?

[*The girls all assent enthusiastically, the BOY yells "Hurray!" but the GIRL OF 1830 comes forward to protest.*]

GIRL OF 1830. Unele Sam, I vow—such color, such muscle, such—such FEET! Cousin Mehitable—

BOY. Aw, ferget it!

U. S. Boy! leave the room! [*He goes, defiantly hugging the ball.*] Now, my dear young ladies, I feel that this matter should be settled, although I confess that, 'pon my word and whiskers, I don't know how to settle it. Such an array—I may say such a bewildering array of—of beauty and—and—merit, is—is too—as I was saying, such an array—an array, young ladies, is—is too much for me! [*Girls all laugh and applaud.*]

UNCLE SAM *mops his brow.* Goddess, positively, I must rely on you. How, among so many claimants, can this matter be arranged?

GODDESS. Merely, don't rely on me, Unele Sam. I give it up. Enlightening the world is a snap compared with this.

U. S. But we must do something.

WESTERN GIRL. [*Stepping forward.*] Look here, Uncle Sam—why not let us settle it?

ALL. Us?

WESTERN GIRL. Sure—why not? Out in my country when we want to get any place we hit the trail. Let's nominate folks for the place and then all vote on 'em.

U. S. Good idea—eh, Goddess? What do you say, girls? [*All agree.*] Well, then, let's begin. Who's the first nominee? [*Silence. Everyone looks around, confused.*] Come, come—we can't vote unless we have some one to vote on. [*More silence.*] Speak up—don't be afraid; who shall it be? By Jove, I've always had my doubts about woman suffrage.

GODDESS. [*Doubtfully.*] Mr. Chairman, no one can nominate herself, you see—and so—

U. S. Hum! That's so. Well, see here, girls—I'LL name each one in order, and you can get a chance to vote on all of them. How's that? [*Delighted assent.*] All right then—here goes. The Indian Girl? [*A chorus of characteristic negatives—No! Not much! Nein! I should say not! Lawsy, no! Nay!*] Ah, then we pass on to the next. The Puritan maid? [*A similar chorus, louder than before.*] My dear young ladies! Surely there are some who favor the Colonial Girl? [*More negatives.*] Really, now—the Girl of 1830? [*More noise.*] The Civil War Girl? [*Ditto.*]

BOY. [*Looking in in the midst of the tumult.*] Say, boss—boss! [*All stop to listen.*] There's another one here.

U. S. Another? Heaven send she be the right one—this is growing awful. What is she like? [*All repeat, "What is she like?"*]

BOY. Why, I don't know. She's pretty good looking, and looks smart and wears nice clothes—looks as if she could sing and dance and cook, you know, and be mighty good to a chap and—well, I don't know. She's just an ordinary girl.

U. S. [*Rising.*] An ordinary girl!

GODDESS. [*Rising.*] An ordinary girl!

THE GIRLS. [*Stepping forward.*] An ordinary girl!

BOY. Sure—what more do you want?

GODDESS. Why, Uncle Sam, the boy has struck it! What more do we want than an ordinary girl?

[*Girls give a delighted chorus of assent—Ycs, yes, Ja, etc.*]

U. S. [*Slapping his knees.*] Girls, we have found her at last—bring her in, boy, bring her in—The Real American Girl! Bless my soul, here she is!

[*Boy flings the door open and the ORDINARY GIRL enters. She is pretty, frank, simple, up to date, happy and healthful. UNCLE SAM takes off his hat to her, while the others applaud.*]

THE ORDINARY GIRL. They told me that you wanted to see The Real American Girl, Uncle Sam, so I came as soon as I could. Am I the one you meant?

U. S. [*Crossing the stage to her.*] My dear young lady, come here. [*He leads her to a place on the platform between himself and GODDESS, and faces the other girls.*] Young ladies, you shall decide. We have here an ordinary, all around, up to date, healthy, happy girl, pure, clever, pretty and good, and there are millions of others just like her. Young ladies, I ask you once more—Is this The Real American Girl?

[*There is an enthusiastic cry of “Yes, yes—The Real American Girl!” and each girl flings up her right hand obliquely toward the platform in token of assent and salute.*]

THE ORDINARY GIRL. [*Coming a step forward and stretching out her hands toward the others.*] We are all real American girls—every one, from the north, the south, the east, the west, from the lands across the sea and the islands of the tropics, black, white, brown and yellow, rich and poor. For in every heart, above, around, beneath all else, glows and burns a grateful pride, a loyal zeal for “The Land We Love”!

[*As she speaks the last words, all step forward, forming a semi-circle across the stage, with the GODDESS OF*

LIBERTY, *the ORDINARY GIRL and UNCLE SAM at one end and the BOY at the other, and sing, with gestures indicated, the following parody on the chorus of the Stein Song used before.*]

[Right hand raised obliquely in salute.]

Here's to the land that gave us birth.

Here's to her colors true,

[Left hands.]

Here's to her sons, the best of earth,

Here's to her daughters, too!

[The line divides in the center, those on the left turning half to the right and extending the right hand toward the flag at back, those on the right vice versa.]

Here's to the flag we all adore,

All other flags above!

[Hands down, face front.]

Long may it wave from shore to shore!

[Right hands raised, straight front.]

Here's to the land we love!

CURTAIN.

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